

PAIN OF SALVATION



entropyia

東西





1. ! (foreword) 2. welcome to entropia 3. winning a war
4. people passing by 5. oblivion ocean 6. stress 7. revival
8. void of her 9. to the end 10. never learn to fly
11. circles 12. nightmist 13. plains of dawn
14. leaving entropia (epilogue)

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定価 ¥ 2,600
(税抜 ¥ 2,476)

97.3.21

Ⓜ 99.3.20
Ⓨ ⓧ Ⓟ 1997
MADE IN JAPAN
STEREO





MICP-10013

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entropia

東西

! Walk with me!
there are worlds to see

Listen to me now..You
Listen to me now..You
Do my words mean more to hear
when I am standing here?
On a stage like all your silly idols do!

Open up your eyes...all
Let your walls and grins...fall
Would you reach for something new
if the crowds were reaching too?
Are you close enough to
Taste their tears at all?

Your hate is but a worn-out lover, sick and sear
"Rape me again" you beg in pain, dear friend
"...but hey ~ just don't stop!
The stillness makes me scared..."

Listen to my plain words
That's all you'll get from me;
Words
The rest is up to you
Would you dare to let me through?
Are you brave enough to leave me in control?

You're all afraid...

I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid of you
I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid anymore

I am a shipwrecked swept ashore

Life won't wash away your sins
Life can't wash away your guilt
Life will only make your conscience
Wilt!

Somewhere a child just died
yet another victim for man's endless strife
World could be better than this!
There are so many ways to live (leave) a life
Would you claim you live yours...right?
Right?
NO!
Take a stand!
world is in your hand

I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid of you
I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid of you
we're just the same me and you
the same me and you
(Walk with me!)
...I see myself in you...

chapter 1

西 T-H-O-U-S 東

Welcome to entropia

WINNING a war

ONCE there was a WORLD OUT ON these fields
that was UNTOUCHED
grateful for its Love we thanked the earth
that gave so much
AND OH...
I Loved it so!

ONCE there was a pair of eyes
UNBROKEN - just Like my heart
BeLONgING to a father AND HIS SON
NOW torn apart
AND OH...
I Loved him so!

"why mommy tell me
why daddy is walking away
...Leaving me"

I remember BIRDS of PRAY
DARK SHADOWS pierCING the GROUND!
faceless men came SHOUTING ABOUT a PRIDE
to WHICH we were BOUND
AND OH...
I SEARCHED for him so!

"faith DARLING have faith my son
YOUR DADDY is WINNING a war"

"...for you..."

Daddy need me
Love and Lead me
YOUR superseding war won't feed me

watch fathers AND SONS
pale CLING to their GUNS
mARCHING Line BY Line
Leaving REASON BEHIND
their eyes now tense with fear
enemies are near
BUT ALL armies are
only fathers AND SONS

earth BLEEDING THROUGH their PROCEEDING
all GREEDY vULTURES are NEEDING

war!
war!
DAD
WHO IS WINNING a war?
AND
DAD
WHO IS it for?

I WON't SHED a tear - I WON't SHOW NO fear
WON't DISappoint you DAD
(all GREEDY vULTURES need war)
I WON't miss you DAD!

I'LL SHUT DOWN

...BUT DADDY
I miss you so!
AND I need you HERE
DAD I'm ALONE HERE AND
DADDY, I'm LOSING YOUR war OUT HERE!

Daddy need me
Love and Lead me
YOUR superseding war won't feed me



people passing by

part first: awakening

Daybreak:
a september SUN emerges THROUGH cLOUDS
CHASING across the sky
THOUGHTS are evoked BEHIND detached eyes
BUT people are just passing by:

with smiles for protection
UNABLE to see BEHIND the creature
that he seems to be

ONCE he was a CHILD with BURNING desires,
with HOPES AND DREAMS of what was to come
so he's Lost some faith BUT still there are fires
deep INSIDE that he must DRENCH to NUMB

if we COULD try
to share some of his WOUNDS just for a while
BUT we're ALL just people passing by!

midday:
He's SEARCHING THROUGH CROWDS
for one that is GONE
rejecting the facts
one more day
talking too LOUD to silence the glow
COLDNESS BECOMING his way

empathy can't reach THROUGH all that BLAME
smiles now FORGOTTEN, Locked in their frames

now He's COUNTING time
IN BEGGINGS AND BOTTLES,
fADING away BENEATH OLD NEWS
so He Lost a war:
"WILL I be dead very LONG?"
...He can still HEAR his voice
THROUGH the COLDNESS

if we COULD try
to ease some of his pain just for a while
BUT we're ALL just people passing by!

part second: memorials
part last: nightfall

ONCE he was STRONG AND filled with VISIONS
with Life ahead he set his aims
then THINGS went WRONG...
now his AMBITIONS have turned to smiles
CONSERVED in frames

still COULD be STRONG
COULD be a prophet!
he WOULD teach truth to every man!
he'd see the LIGHT THROUGH every shadow
BUT entropia DENIES he can!

he's sitting NUMB while Dusk is falling
alone he WHISPERS his "GOODNIGHT"
turning away, when sleep is calling,
from all the people...
...passing by...

OBLIVION ocean

sleep is too quiet
dreams are too painful
truth is the bed of this ocean of lies
sinking THROUGH layers of UNTOUCHED oblivion
soaking from SPIRITS
BUT still far too DRY

losing all I lived for
losing all I fought for

"where is my mother?"
the child asked the soldier
the soldier was watching them both fade away
NINE words create an oblivion ocean:
"dad tell me, will i be dead very long?"

losing all I lived for
losing all I fought for

oh god if you save them i swear i'll always
hold them in my hand
oh god if you save them i'd take them west
we'd start again in the promised land

when life is tearing thin we pray
the gods are close at hand
when man is astray
BUT when it all is said and done
is he to thank the gods
for just taking his son?

sleep...is too quiet
dreams are too painful
truth is the bed of this ocean of lies
words can create an oblivion ocean
"dad tell me, will i be dead very long?"

losing all I lived for
losing all I fought for

oh god if you save them i swear i'll always
hold them in my hand
oh god if you save them i'd take them west
we'd start again (then) in the promised land

stress

(watching corners and crossing watching all the
red lights watching the stress
watching beggars and bankers and rushing cars
i'm drowning in this mess)

help me
rescue me
save me
set me free

(watching all the stress)

it is strange — among all people i feel alone
very strange — despite the sun i'm cold to the bone!

if this is progress let me out!

up on the rooftops i feel alive
lovely detached from the human hive
up on the rooftops i feel so free
far from the city that's suffocating me

(watching corners and crossing watching all the
red lights watching the stress
watching beggars and bankers and rushing cars
i'm drowning in this mess)

is this what we want?

i believe: —
beneath the surface we turn to stone
can't you see, you meet your neighbors over the phone!
i'm awake — watch me!
i'll escape — watch me!

if this is progress help me to regress!

alone by the ocean i feel alive
lovely detached from the human hive
alone by the ocean i feel so free
far from the city that's suffocating me

you live too shallow
act too deep!
fail to sow but proudly reap!

...and you still need more...

indians show us where you're from
stress indicates what we'll all become!

(watching corners and crossings watching
all the red lights watching the stress
watching beggars and bankers and rushing cars
i'm drowning in this mess)

in time you'll awake
in time you'll escape
in time you'll awake
you'll see what's at stake!

is this what we want?
...is this what we need?



revival

an eye for an eye
a tear for a tear
a lie for a lie
the weak dress in hatred to hide their fear

we cling to symbols for our mind:
hour by hour we're losing us
defenceless for the weak to bind:
second by second abusing us

a wound for a wound
by silence we breed
learn the hate that keeps us blind
from the hands that hit and feed

children teach each other pain:
hour by hour they're learning it
dreamers in the wheel of reign:
second by second we're turning it...

...around:
closing the books of the prophets
closing our eyes for the visions that die
and then we weep
"why do i still need to cry
when i'm so happy now?"

saviors come forth in times of need
prophets seek me — for you i will bleed

cry little lonely world cry!
i won't close my eyes
i'll be your tears when you're dry
pouring to the ground...

scar by scar we're all becoming
seeking prophets now

i won't bear the cross one step further
i won't bear your hate any longer
free i will rise!

(come to me now — feel the revival)
(follow me now — join the revival)

see me
believe in me
hear me — i'll speak to you
you are the prophets
come forth and i'll bleed for you!

i'll bleed for you...

Void of her

to the end

(sorrow turned into hate
anger became a thread to climb
with faith tasting the life she shed)

"time will heal" they told him
just as if they knew his pain
"time kills!" he whispered
not a word:
they watched him leave again

grief need not her grave
nothing left to save...

she went up with the sunrise that day
planned her future as every day
spent her last minutes in tomorrow's
she would never experience

live your life each day
meet the tides my friend
we're all nomads forever on our way:
a journey to the end!

(she walked there every day
without even knowing it was
the place to which she was going)

if you knew the number
of the steps you would ever take
bitter i wonder:
would you run or cease to walk?

for her sake he lived — nothing more to give

looking back now, he could have saved her
but there's no one left to save him
cause we're all walking in tomorrow's
we may never experience

live your life each day
meet the tides my friend
we're all nomads forever on our way:
a journey to the end

so now he has knowledge but what has he won?
all pages are empty, he's already gone
he lost what he lived for and losses won't mend:
alive just to enter a journey beyond the end...

never learn to fly

when i was a little child
i once found a bird lying on the ground
it would not ever fly again
i held the bird up in my hands
i shed my tears over the lovely song
that not longer could be heard

never learn to fly

with dirty hands i dug a hole
and gently laid the bird to rest in soil:
a wound in the tearstained mud
my tears were rain as i revealed the secrets of a tree
a cross of bark
to speak through wooden grains:
"never learn to fly"

i sang a song which i
remembered my grandma used to sing
for me when i was sick and laid in bed
then i cursed that day for showing me
my own mortality
for then i knew that all that lives
turns cold
cold and dead

and now
time has
passed by
beneath my wings

that was then i'm older now
but still i can't forget that rainy day
i raged against the ending times
though some day soon
my son will maybe find the tree
i cleansed of skin
no chain sling will ever climb
it's rotten limbs
and when the time has come
for me to die
i want to lie beside that bird

never learn to fly

when i was a little child...
i once found myself
lying on the ground
and now i'll never
...fly...



CIRCLES

now He's COUNTING time
IN BEGGINGS AND BOTTLES
fADING away BENEATH OLD news

so He's Lost some faith
BUT STILL there are fires
deep INSIDE that He must DRENCH to NUMB
deep INSIDE
that He must DRENCH to NUMB...

NIGHTMIST

COLD winter WINDS BLOW away autumn Leaves now
misty world fades away before my BLINDED eyes
why?

now WHEN I stand at the END of the Line
I CLING to Life WHEN I SHOULD decline
I always THOUGHT I would welcome this day
BUT NOW WHEN it's HERE:
COULD there be a Heaven BEHIND that gate?
Love OR Hate?

wait
By my side
COUNT the SECONDS TILL I die
HOLD my HAND
smile AND tell me that you care
cause I'm SCARED NOW

now WHEN I stand at the END of the Line
I CLING to Life WHEN I SHOULD decline
I always THOUGHT I would welcome this day
BUT NOW I CAN see it is yet a BIRD of pray!

GOD!
Hear my voice!
I TURN to thee
you've got to tell me:
what WILL become of me?

why SHALL I die?

OH GOD
Hear my voice!
tell me there are NO QUESTIONS
Please give me a few MORE HOURS
of this flair Life
it's mine!

as I am Leaving alone AND afraid
I'm THINKING of ALL the mistakes I've made
I WISH of my heart I COULD change ONLY one
I'd want to say "SORRY" just one more time

before I am GONE
...GONE...

PLAINS OF DAWN

"I'm HERE NOW, BY YOUR SIDE"

sheltered from the COLD
a SOLDIER GUARDS a BOY
CLOCKS are CUTTING as times pass BY THEIR pain
(BRINGING release THROUGH the BOOK ON HIS KNEES)
(keep TRYING, keep TRYING, keep DYING INSIDE)

"HUSH NOW Little CHILD, it's time to say GOODNIGHT
find rest in my LULLABY this night
I'LL still be HERE WHEN the NIGHTMISTS draw near"
(BLIND figures CONTROLLING his Life)
(keep FALLING, keep FALLING, keep FALLING DOWN NOW)

"Have faith my SON
reach for my HAND AND I'LL walk with you
till the SUN goes DOWN
follow me now
we WILL meet again IN your LAND
now I'LL Lead you home"

opening stillness
reaching THROUGH illness
they walk IN NIGHTMIST
"now we meet again.
I'm so close to you now"
(again we LAUGH)

where shallow waters reach
for UNKNOWN mystic SHORES
they gaze at the HORIZON AND smile

"BEHOLD my SON
reach for the vision that fills your mind
just Let go AND RUN
follow the path that was meant for you
LONG ago
AND CROSS the PLAINS OF DAWN"

wordless QUESTIONS
tearful CONFESSIONS
they meet at Last NOW
when it is time to go separate ways
(fADING pages)
they HAVE TOUCHED THROUGH ages

"remember me my SON
it's time to say...GOODBYE
I'LL free you from YOUR PRISON
NOW go
you're free NOW
the wave meets the SHORE"
(keep RUNNING, keep RUNNING,
keep RUNNING HOME KID)
WINNING a war
made HIM Lose evermore

"farewell my SON
the tubes that were straining you
to a death WITHIN Life are gone
wait for us
I AND your mother WILL
cherish you my SON
I CRY as I'm WATCHING you RUN
across
PLAINS OF DAWN"

AND SO THROUGH that evening
a SOLDIER is Leaving his SON
ONCE again
AND a war HAS BEEN Lost
FORLORN He is reelING
unmendably kneELING
BUT fate Leaves NO CHOICE NOW:
He must close the BOOK!

Leaving entropia

walk with me
AND see the WORLD I see
it IS OUR HOME
it's WHERE we ALL BELONG

Life is flair
a BRITTLE DRESS we wear
a fleeting SIGH
BUT THOUGH pointLess it may seem:
Live as death were BUT a DREAM

you DON't HAVE to walk THEIR way
you DON't HAVE to watch the SHOW
you DON't HAVE to play THEIR game

AND you DON't HAVE to die to Leave entropia

all remains:
forgotten smiles IN frames
two fleeting Lives
cut DOWN to pocket-size

walk with me
AND change the WORLD we see
we'LL cease to be
just people passing BY
Home is WHERE we ALL get BY

you DON't HAVE to cry for more
you DON't HAVE to have it ALL
you DON't HAVE to win a war

if death IS BUT a DREAM
then DON't Let me
...fall asLeep...



ALL MUSIC BY DANIEL GILDENLÖW EXCEPT 1, 4 (PART II), 6, 7 AND 9

BY DANIEL GILDENLÖW AND DANIEL MAGDIC

ALL LYRICS BY DANIEL GILDENLÖW

PRODUCED BY ANDERS "THEO" THEANDER

RECORDED AT ROASTINGHOUSE RECORDING STUDIO AB IN MALMÖ, SWEDEN

ENGINEERED BY ANDERS HANSSON AND THEO

MASTERED AT ROCKFILE MASTERING, ESKILSTUNA

ORIGINAL PUBLISHING BY ROASTINGHOUSE MUSIC AB

MANAGEMENT: ROASTINGHOUSE PRODUCTIONS AB, PO BOX 3046, 200 22 MALMÖ, SWEDEN

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OTHER PHOTO: KRISTIAN NORDSTRÖM

COVERART: PATRIK LARSSON/PEEL PRODUCTION

chapter II

WORDS FROM JOHAN LANGELL

I would like to thank:

catta, the langell-eriksson family, the breineder family, karl briese, sunkan, tobbe, thommen, hammar musik, slagverket, gustaf hielm, johansson and ole lund kirkegaard.

WORDS FROM DANIEL MAGDIE

I would like to dedicate this album to the memory of my father.

I also would like to thank: my mother and my brothers (without you this would never have been possible) "mormor", the jansson family (and of course kent), all my friends from musiklinjen - I miss you all. torfin - one hell of a band, nobody's bluesband, jim jam, andreas rader, patrik niklasson and per nilsson, per bergkvist and marigold, pneumonia, magnus johansson, rainer, the rydgren family, erik rimsten, magnus palmberg, kiss, queensryche, rush, marillion and fish, kings x, scott henderson, mike stern, eric johnson, steve morse, meshuggah, dream theater, pink floyd, yes, sting, king diamond, fates warning, black sabbath and many many more for great music and inspiration.

and for sara: I love you!

WORDS FROM FREDRIK HERMANSSON

I would like to thank all the friends at Birka folkhögskola, Sundsta musikgymnasium and Johan Österberg.

WORDS FROM KRISTOFFER GILDENLÖW

I would like to thank my family, my girlfriend ida Bengtsson and her family, my best friend Henrik Karlsson and his family, all my other friends and schoolmates, my neighbors above, beneath and beside me, my life and my death, our peace and our nature, Jaco, rocko, mendoza and wazén, ares custom guitars

WORDS FROM DANIEL GILDENLÖW

I would like to dedicate this album to the memory of my grandfather erland - whom I have always admired - and to pyret: I lost you before meeting you, I sadly carry the hole in void of you...

my deepest love and admiration to:

Johanna Iggsten - my indian girl of the forests and the love of my life and death.

mom, dad and all my relatives, and the iggsten families in Grycksbo, Fagersta, Dala Järna and Gävle.

Sunkan, Tobbe, Gustaf, Heidi, Johan Wennerström, Fredrik Runnström, Johansson, Titti, Peter Pettersson, Martin Ahlqvist, Gunnar and all other close and distant friends, for staying there when I'm not around as much as I should be.

I thank my schoolmates over the years, you know who you are, I send love and hope to Andy - don't give in! and hugs to Daniel, Johan, my brother and Fredrik for putting up with me!

I also would like to thank cv, pumpk and Morgana from firefly.

Love to all occasional gods, everything and everyone above as below, and everyone that I have offended, hurt or let down over the years! and an open hand to per bergkvist...

I owe you all a lot, I love you and I need you more than I can ever express in words! you're life!

I finally take a bow for my sources of joy and inspiration:

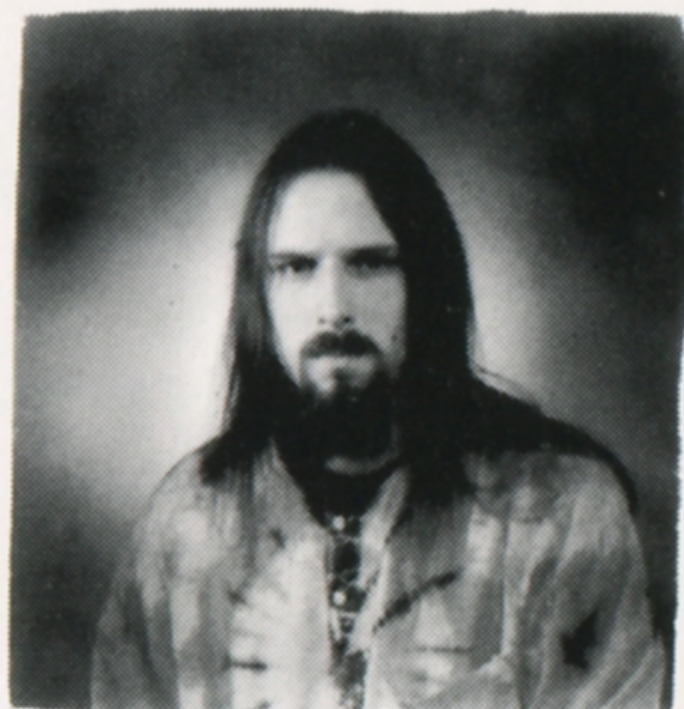
Astrid Lindgren, Tage Danielsson, Simon & Garfunkel, Jesus Christ Superstar, the elder, Douglas Adams, Peter Nilson, Carl Sagan, the fixer, King, Faith No More, Gösta Ekman, Gandhi, Diecast car models, Zappa, Robin Williams, Love Gun, the Alan Parsons Project, Tolkien, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Torfin, Salman Rushdie, Long hot baths, Pink Floyd's The Wall, PJ Bersild, Di Levá, Quake, Earl Grey tea, Kurt Vonnegut, Star Wars, Garp, Queensryche, Unmasked, Mark Helprin for "A Winter's Tale", Nimh, The Dark Crystal and Isaac Asimov. You all made me who I am!

Please take care of yourselves, your next and the world, support your local prophet and oppose drugs!

PAIN OF SALVATION WOULD ALSO LIKE TO THANK

Anders, Tomme and Theo at Roasting House, Patrik Larsson/Peel Production, First Music, Hasse Lindell, Martin Larsson, Mats Olsson, Peter "The Rose" Rozenbach, Gustaf Hielm, Studio Skyline, Joje, Magnus Johansson, Johan Bokstrom, Jari & Niklas, Tender, NSMPD, Johanna & Catta, Piggy in the Middle, Concrete Heads, Nils Karlsson at Musik i Skåne, Per and Lars Rulander, Janne Stark, Mr. Sako, Citroën for help and parking, Dents experiences, and everybody that has helped and believed in us and our music - you're all great!

chapter III!



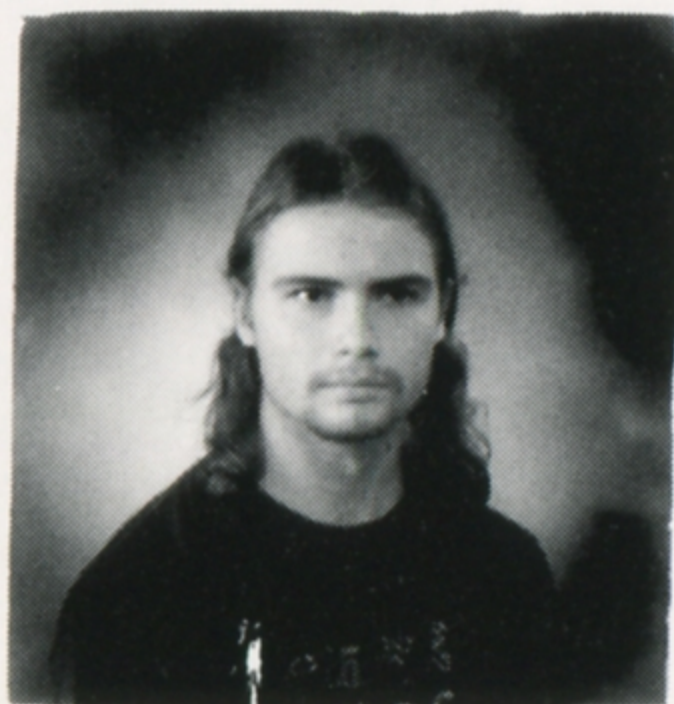
JOHAN LÅNGELL
DRUMS & VOCALS



DANIEL GILDENLÖW
Lead vocals & GUITAR



KRISTOFFER GILDENLÖW
BASS & VOCALS



FREDRIK HERMANSSON
keyBOARDS



DANIEL MAGDIC
guitar & vocals



Death is but a dream

So: what need to be revealed?

Death is but a dream of a life that never was

What need to be remembered?

What need to be...understood?

In the midst of life in fear we find
that death is the realm of time

And when it has befallen?

When all we ever were is gone and all we never were is left to speak of us
in vague shadows through the minds of those we leave behind

...and when we know that they soon will follow

~ subside along us into the relentless sea of past ~

what then NEED to be...contemplated?

Thus: If life is the mere core of existence, and we tend to know not of it
Then consider this: do we ever exist?

Death is but a dream
of a life that never was

...and what is a dream?

...and when we know that they soon will follow

~ subside along us into the relentless sea of past ~

what then NEED to be...contemplated?

When all we ever were is gone and all we never were is left to speak of us

in vague shadows through the minds of those we leave behind

Thus: If life is the mere core of existence, and we tend to know not of it

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Death is but a dream

of a life that never was

...and what is a dream?

pain of salvation entropia

AVANTAGE

MICY-1013

COMPACT

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COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO

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